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### Gretchen and a Hero. 🛩

them to do something unusual-ven- every night on the stage. ture into danger of some kind-be-

NE never hears of heroes now- know," said Gretchen, resuming her

in the present?" She said this with a heavy heart, and the personality and determination. The tended with the present is throughout Scotland, and more freshigh.

"Oh, there are heroes—if only peoand that he's the greatest coward duties with a feeling of heaviness in to struggle for, and rarely becomes ical libraries and read of men and ticular region. The above mentioned ple recognized them," said young that's running at large. Didn't he Harry, Gretchen's cough, who was faint when a bear came towards him her breast, and wonder if, after all, more than a wild money-spender, reloving solicitude for her children gardless of the manner of his rearing, honorable places in literature, art, paying the family a visit. "Now, I once?—that time he was out West is understood by them.

Is it not a fact noted every day that science, statesmanship, business, and for the most part know just lots of boys who are really in the mountains. He jets scared at and truly heroes. But the world wants a shadow,—but he plays the hero of today attach all importance to their own way in life, handlcapped they will find they were the children

"Yes, I'd forget about Uncle Fred-



scuttle of coal, Harry? Mamma said thing worse." "But what did Fred Kinney ever we should not let the fire get too low; do?" asked Gretchen, threading her needle. "I know he's a nice boy, we must look after the house while Namma says he's a perfect gentleman. "I know he's a nice boy, we must look after the house while she's away. Mamma just ran across But gentlemen aren't always heroes, the street to see Mrs. Landas, you you know. Fred never saved one's know." life—or saved a building from destruction by fire, or saved a city from And he went to the basement after a destruction by a flood. He's just a scuttle of coal. Gretchen got up to nice, good, handsome boy-no better stir down the cinders, preparing the than you are, Harry."

Harry's face turned a bit red at fuel Harry would pour into the grate. this last remark of his little cousin's. As she did so, the little doll-frock fell "I didn't say he was better than I upon the edge of the grate and am." he spoke out boldly. "But who caught in a blaze. In her eagerness knows whether I might not become to save the pretty frock, Gretchen -if something just happened to dragged it from the grate with the

t me try!"

poker. The burning thing fell to the Gretchen dropped her sewing, and floor just at her feet. In another in-"Why, Harry," she said, not trying Gretchen's thin muslin apron, and was to hide her amusement, "you'd never, running up towards her face. never be a hero. Why, heroes don't Gretchen became frantic from fear. look like you, you know. Now, you and ran screaming into the hall just have light curly hair and your eyes as Harry, load in hand, came up from are as blue as mine. And Mamma says the basement. He took in the situayour complexion is lovely enough to tion at a glance, dropped the coal to be the envy of any girl."

the cavy of any girl." the floor and ran to Gretchen, seizing "And will you tell me if there is hold of her and forcibly throwing her any especial set of looks goes with a to the floor. Hardly had he succeedasked Harry, a bit out of sorts, ed in getting his screaming and "Well, the heroes on the stage, you fighting cousin down when he jerked

OUR PUZZLE

CORNER

Children Who Are Successful.

NE never hears of heroes nowadays." It was little Gretchen
who spoke—sitting beside the
fire sewing on a new frock for
her great doil, Lily, "One reads of heroes in the Past, but in the Present—
who and what shall we do for
heroes in the future, if there are none
in the present?" She said this with a

NE never hears of heroes nowadays." It was little Gretchen work, "are usually very tail and dark.
feel happy over the attitude their
children take towards the humble
home. "Oh, I wish we were rich like
the Smiths," a boy or girl will say—
or rather whine, for complaining
children always "whine" about their
the roared; then subsided and said:
"You seem to forget that our Uncle
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the four hampens and and the Everwork, "are usually very tail and dark.
They look very strong and—and—
unusual, I suppose one would call it."
He roared; then subsided and said:
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the work, "are usually very tail and dark.
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"You seem to forget that our Uncle
the work and successed to the their
thildren take towards the humble
at home all sufficient, he or she will
succeed in his or her chosen walk
of life. Why envy the rich child?

It is the boy who struggles to gain
the top that work and succeed in his or her chosen walk
to flife. Why envy the rich child?

When each member of a household
the two the towards the humble
at home all sufficient, he or she will
at home all sufficient, he or she will
at home all sufficient, he or she will
be the Contented Mind
Chefful Disposition. If a boy or
children take towards the humble
at home all sufficient, he or she will
be the Contented Mind
Chefful Disposition.

If a boy or
children always "white" about their
the content of the content of the content of t

Money. of their parents, home and future, ers? Few poor children are half-way con-

fear I'm burnt somewhere."

They think more about it- by poverty, have worthless sons and sad indeed. There is nothing in the the poor home richer by their pres- education.

Her arms bound to her way into the living room where her side, she could not battle against him danger had happened. Sitting down, any longer, and he rolled the rug, on and ignoring Harry's suggestion that which she lay, about her, pressing it she go and change her clothes bedown tightly. Gretchen felt that she fore her mother should return, she was being smothered, and tried to said:

kick and to yell; but Harry kept her "I was saying we had no heroes in the rug for a full minute before he nowadays, wasn't I? Well, I have just dared to unwrap her just enough to had cause to become acquainted with

see whether the fire was extinguished. the greatest hero in the world—"
"It's all right, Gretchen," Harry Harry stepped her. "I'm not any said, after the examination. Then he more of a hero than I was half an assisted his weeping and still fright- hour ago, Gretchen. Semething hapned cousin to her feet. "Go for pened which made me do a little Mamma'" cried Gretchen, looking quick thinking and quick work, Any down at her burnt clothes. "Oh, I other person—boy or girl, if they had any sense!-would have acted as I Harry looked Gretchen over. did. And, you know, I couldn't be a "You're not burnt a bit," he informed hero if I wanted to, for I haven't the her. "Your apron and a part of your right kind of looks." And then Harry dress are burnt, but you are not hurt, was just mean enough to laugh at So stop your crying, Baby-Baby! Gretchen. Aren't you the lucky kid to come off Gretchen did not mind his laughing,

there's Fred Kinney, my chum, who's getting low. Won't you bring in a could have gotten you there—or someshall tell her all about how I came a hero, if a hero ever lived." souttle of coal, Harry? Mamma said thing worse." Gretchen stood wide-eyed, looking Great Hero saved me. Really, Cousin

So often parents who are poor in world so sweet and so helpful as ence in it. They will pursue their the world's goods have cause to the Contented Mind and the Everstudies diligently, knowing that it is feel happy over the attitude their Cheerful Disposition. If a box or a hard so helpful as ence in it. They will pursue their the world's goods have cause to the Contented Mind and the Ever-

of poor but honest parents, coming and what it procures—than they think daughters, more society money-spend- from real obscurity. Money cannot develop the child, except just as much pacity for "doing, saying and writing" But the right kind of boy, and the of it as is necessary to defray the tented with their lot. This is very right kind of girl, will help to make expenses of his simple living and his

### Limerick.



HERE was a Big Doll in a swing: She was a Chinese, named Lou Sing:

And she sat and she sat, In her cloak and her hat, boyhood is known that even the small- "The study of character (I mean Which were made by a man named est bit of information concerning it amusing ones) I enjoy exceedingly, Poo Ping.

clothes before Auntie comes in, for quite a day's journey for us.' We this notion took its rise in otherwise you'll give her a shock. And found Mrs. Hood and Master Thomas and not in originality of idea." there's no good doing that, as I can at home. I fancy he was sketching.

"You are a hero, Harry," cried own light, just to save Mamma a Anne style, with a garden."

Scold me if you want to, for

## A Glimpse Into the Life of Thomas Hood, Poet

poor farmer by the name of Hood. | aunts) is not known. Some letters The name is not an uncommon one

farmer was frugal, honest and hospitable; his good wife was as thrifty as her lord, and possessed of a quick though homely wit and a keen sense of humor. Indeed, it was from her that Thomas Hood inherited his cahumorous things, for she was his grandmother.

But Thomas Hood was not born on the banks of the Tay. In fact, he was not born in Scotland, the land of his forbears. His father, Thomas, was the eldest son of the family on the Tay, and soon left home to become bound as apprentice to a bookseller in Dundee. His term of ap-prenticeship having expired, he, in company with another young man. his own account, becoming a partner tember, 1815.") in the publishing house of Vernor and developing. But so little of his early takken for a Scotsman. makes mention of young Hood.

but nine years of age.'

shock. Say, Harry, you are the Gen- there were so many houses answeruine Article. And I shall tell Every-body, I shall!" ing that description, and in the exact locality where the Hoods dwelt, that locality where the Hoods dwelt, that And Gretchen disappeared in her one as well as another might be the own room as the hall door opened to place. During Thomas Hood's time admit her mother. And Harry, pick- there, Islington Green was a small, ing up the coal from the floor, said in rustic suburb of London. Today it a merry way: "I spilt the coal, is a part of the great city itself. While in his teens Thomas was sent

'N a fertile valley lying along the Christmas holidays. How long he rebanks of the Tay, and between mained at Dundee, or with whom he Perth and Dundee, there dwelt a visited (no doubt with uncles and



journeyed to London to seek his for-tune. The first few years of his life that visit, are interesting, and give one in the metropolis lies in obscurity, a peep into the character of the boy, Eventually, he went into business on One is given here. (The date is "Sep-

"I take the pen for the double pur-Hood. The business prospered, young pose to amuse both you and myself Hood took unto himself a wife, and by description of whatever attracts a little family sprang up about them. my notice. I am principally diverted The subject of our sketch was the here with the singular characters that second son. He was born on May come to lodge here in succession. 23rd, 1799, at 31 Poultry, in the par- When I first came we had a kind of ish of St. Mildred, in the City of Lon- itinerant minister, who loved his botdon. Of his childhood it is said: "He tie! Since then we have been enwas a singular child, silent and re- livened by a French captain who postired, with much quiet humors and delicate in health." At any rate, he seems to have been rather studious tion; and I have been amused with a and given to reading much, and was pedantic schoolmaster from Perth, a good story-teller among the chil-dren of his neighborhood. Perhaps cation to improve his English, and his genius for a subtle humor was then said he was 'vary sure he wadna be

is quite important. The following let- and have an ample field for specuter, written by John Wilson (author) lation, for, independent of originality "All is well that ends well," smiled Harry. "But I'd advise your running see her. She lives at Islington Green, fresh beef will keep better than that of character, their ideas are also freupstairs quickly and changing your in an old brick house, Queen Anne's, which is salted-but you will think

After a long illness, Thomas Hood I was not much of a judge then— died on May 3d, 1845. He left behind him a wife and two children, a son It has been impossible to identify and a daughter. He had always been Gretchen, as she hurriedly ran from the room. "You are big enough not to want Mamma to know of your Thomas' early boyhood and youth. to want Mamma to know of your Thomas' early boyhood and youth.

lowing him eighteen months later. SOME FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

SUNSHINE is one of the greatest of health givers, so allow plenty of it to enter all the rooms of the

A tablespoonful of castor oil applied to the roots of an asparagus fern or paim will arrest its dying con-I deserve it. See, I solled your rug, on a mission of health to his father's dition and cause it to put forth an boyhood home. It was during the almost magical growth.

stairs and get your breakfast on the

table. Don't be five minutes. De

you hear me? (Pats Hunter on head,

Then kisses his cheek and leaves the

### School Boy's Soliloguy.

off his coat and wrapped it closely in here, Harry," she said, leading the



SWIMMING in the river On a summer day May be fun for some kids, But the fun, 1 say,

is skating on the river When the ice is there, And the air is nipping. With snow everywhere.

Some may like warm weather, But the winter is the best-

Just this time o' the year. "Oh, such fun to snow-ball At recess, you know :--

A little after four.

Then It's home to supper: My goodness, but it's great! House so warm, and food so hot-Well, well, I should relate!"

# A TWO-ACT PLAYLET FOR CHILDREN

CHARADE. My first he a vird. That sings blithe and gay, And wakes sluggish sleepers

My second a horseman Is oft seen to wear; Though some call it cruel. For flesh it will tear.

At morn of each day,

My two joined together In the garden does grow: But I'll say nothing more Or my secret you'll know, BEHEADINGS.

Rehead something used in conpoetlon with fire-arms and leave the Butcondition of fire. 2. Behead a garment worn by women and leave a creature belonging to the Simian fam-3. Behead a regue and place where travelers pitch their

tents at night. ZIGZAG PUZZLE.

This zigzag contains seven words of four letters each. If the words are rightly guessed and written one below another their zigzag letters, beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower left-hand letter, will spell the name of a foreigner. The cross-words are, 1. To be wealthy. 2. To search. 3. A bird's home. 4. The cry of a goose. 5. Part of a split log. 6. A country home. 7. Things to be spacked.



with mountains in distance. Lit- tiger or some other enemy. ently near. Three wood nymphs proach of an enemy. Let's hide— hand upon Thistledown, who shrinks Land—the land where ordinary peo-seated on rocks, one arranging her somewhere—quickly! (The two ran away). Come, my pretty one, and ple live, and a place always feared by Woman, Come, Son, you have overhair over mirrored-water.

caught h

WOOD

Thistledown (one of the nymphs). I think the world gets more and more beautiful every day, my sweet comrades. Just look at the foliage since our dear friend, Lord of the Winter, has been here! Daisy (another of the nymphs), Yes, and to think of people living

inside of houses and sleeping in beds. Songbird (The third nymph). It is

not funny, my dear Daisy. It is sad. But—what sound was that? It sound-



If the above pictured words are rightly guessed, their initial letters will spell the name of a creeping

ANEWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES. SYNCOPATIONS: 1. Swing-sing. 2. Sorrow-sow. 3. Shoot-soot. 4. Preach-

ZIGZAG PUZZLE: Holiday. Cross-words. 1. Half. 2. Boar. 3. Pill. 4. Loti. 5. Ride. 6. Lane. 7. Yale. WORD SQUARE: STAR

CENE-Stretch of woodland, ed like the approach of a lion or a wisdom and strength. I shall go fetch in making the attempt to do so, about wildly. Enter from a door at tle running brook and waterfall Thistledown and Daisy (speaking ly at left wing).

behind some rocks. A tail boy, dressed in the garb of a number, with gun over shoulder, saunters upon the siage from the right. He whistles Hunter! Ah, we know the power of as he draws near to the rocks behind which the number is a far as the draws near to the rocks behind was made our own Nature-Creatures. Which was now our own Nature-Creatures. Which was now in our own Nature-Creatures. Which was heard got our own nature for our own nature f which the nymph is hiding).

NYMPHS.

Mayhap I shall wing a fairy But it takes more than an old dry- come and catch me like a rat in a ones hermit to scare me away.

of them-as I live! them. the leaves and grass. Dalsy stoops over her, mouning. Then the hunter ter! ground).

mother and sister will welcome friends, and sing to us all day long. such a lovely pair.

Thistledown (weeping). Oh, please, arm about Thistledown's shoulders). eruel hunter, take us not away from hunter!

home. It is the Law of Nature that off the stage at the right). nymphs shall never enter a human being's house. It would surely be they disappear). to kill and to entrap, have mercy on reappears at left of stage). us poor nymphs! (Pleading attitude). Songbird (Rising from her hiding friends. They have been taken into place and peeping over towards her captivity. The cruel hunter has led two companions and the hunter.) I'll them to the dwelling place of men. creep away and bring assistance. The They will die there,

them to save my sisters. (Exits soft- Which way do you think they went? right, a tall girl dressed like a woman.

Hunter. Whew! I smell the blood Hunter, I have no time to parley, grief? Sadness sits upon your brow, of a-a-well, not of an English- my nymphs. Arise, and follow me, and your manner is that of persons man; but of some foreign creature. Come quickly. We must get away in despair. or a from here before the hermit comes nymph. This is called the Enchanted to chase me away. He threatened Wood. The aged hermit living in me awhile ago, should I enter the yonder dell told me not to venture Enchanted Wood, saying that if the beyond that ravine. (Points toward creatures reigning here did not subthe stage wings from where he came). Just me to some punishment, he would

trap. (Thistledown and Dalsy make an attempt to get through some under- to catch us now, Hunter. They make a noise and the Hunter. But you are not rats, my

hunter rushes forward in time to see dears. You are two beautiful and them). Ha! ha! ha! Nymphs -a pair rare nymphs, creatures men read I'll capture about in fairy books, but whom they (Runs to where they are have never seen, I shall have the caught in some entangling vines. As honor and rare privilege of showing Thistledown attempts to tear away to the world the first wood nymphs the vines, the hunter lays hold of her ever seen by mortal man. Believe arm. She screams and falls among me, I shall get a fortune out of you. Daisy. Woe is me! Woe is my sis-Ah, why make us unhappyseizes Daisy. She, too, falls to the why kill us, to make a fortune for yourself? We do no harm to any liv-Hunter, Come, my pretty twins, ing thing. We live in the Enchanted arise and accompany me to my home. Wood, where love and kindness rule. I'll introduce you into polite society. The little birds in the trees are our

Hunter. A hunter must be brave our own country-Mother Nature's and fearless. He must never hear great woods and mountains. We would the cry of his victim. He must never were we housed like ordinary see its bleeding wounds, nor undermortals. We are nymphs, and must stand the agony of its sufferings at live in the open. Have mercy, oh, his hands. It is his work to entrap and to kill, So, if you would not Daisy. Yes, you of the hard, cruel meet the last-named fate, arise and world, please spare us. We shall come with me. (Selzes them both surely die if we attempt to go to your roughly by the arms and leads them

(Falls weeping to the ground, her

Thistledown and Daisy (meaning as the end of them. Even your touch hunter's desire-to rob creatures of has caused us to lose all our strength, liberty, happiness and life! (As they and to fall helpless to the ground. disappear through side wings of stage. Please, hunter, whose aim in life is Songbird, leading two male nymphs, Songbird. Ah, we are too late, my

in foreground. Rocks convent- together). It did sound like the ap- Hunter (stooping and laying a pursue them even into the Danger tle hand on sleeping boy. (Boy half fashion).

where it should show love and mercy, chanted Wood, have you come to some

Second Male Nymph. Yes, we will She approaches bed and lays a gen-

room. Hunter gets out of bed slowly and comically, making wry faces, and rubbing his bare feet and his nose Scratches head in sort of dream-Hunter. And I really did think the Woman, Come, Son, you have over-thing was true. Geel I'm glad ! behind a tree. Songbird crouches don't cause me to use more strenuous our own Nature-Creatures. Which slept this morning. It is almost school waked up. Wasn't I a cruel mon-



'I'll creep away and bring assistance. The woods are full of nymphs today.'

our Thistledown and Daisy. He has led them away, and by now, they have had time to cross the boundary of our realm, and to enter Danger

Land. Hermit. We shall see about that, my friends. I shall lead you in pursuit of the hunter. I, too, have a weapon. And it can KILL-if necessary to do so in the protection of innocent life. (Hermit draws from his long cloak a sword). Come on, my friends. Let's be in hot pursuit. (They all exit, crying aloud in hope).

ACT II. Hunter seen lying in bed, his arms pening. If the above shadow patches are rightly joined, you will get a young lived words. 1. Time, 2. Washing. 3. Artist. 4. Indian. 5. Novel.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC: Twain. Pic. woods are full of nymphs today. There is in be cold, and Papa will lose patience hind screen and gathers up clothes a white night gown. As he sleeps, waiting for us. Come, jump into your as curtain falls).

Artist. 4. Indian. 5. Novel.

Curtain.

trouble. A hunter, bold and cruel, Where-where are the two nymphs I was doing. But-(Sniffs the air has captured two of our happy that I captured in the Enchanted Runs to door and puts his head ou bed).

Absurd! Whoever heard of the Enfrom your eyes.

Hunter. But, Mother, haven't I of some foreign creature. really brought two pretty little it. Gee! What a duffer I am, any-nymphs home? Haven't I been hunt-way. Come, get into your duds-

ing-in the Enchanted Wood?

ther Hermit, we are in deepest And-and-have I been asleep? succeed in doing what I dreamed Wood? Did not I bring them here? and sniffs loudly). Ham and eggs (Rubs his eyes and gets half out of and hot muffins for breakfast-unless my nose is dreaming. And I don't Woman. Well, Son, you have cer- believe it is a dream, for the smell tainly had a strange dream. Nymphs! is too plain. (Pauses and stands in middle of floor). Say, you fool! chanted Wood and of the Nymphs? (Shakes himself rudely). You smelt You are still asleep, Son. Come, dash that very ham and those very muffins the sleep from your mind as well as when you thought you smell the blood of an-no, not an Englishman, but without a bath this time, and down Woman, I tell you, Son, you've been to those muffins and that ham, or by Scene-Bed room in ordinary home. dreaming some strange fanciful hap- the posers of hunger, you'll go to unter seen lying in bed, his arms pening. Come, your breakfast will school an empty dunce! (Jumps be-